Vol. II. LITERARY TABLET. No. XXVI.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

LIGHTNING.

BELIEVING lightning God's avenger for the impiety of man, the Greeks and Romans viewed it *facred*. On this account, they, who were killed by it, were abandoned to periſh above the ground, or deeply interred, where they fell; or elſe, being conveyed to ſome unfrequented region, were buried and environed by fence to prevent the approach of any human being. This was done to ſecure others from the contagious effluvia. The ground alſo, which the lightning ſtruck was believed equally odious to the Gods, and was equally ſhunned. Theſe majeſtic chimeras, for no ſhort period, commanded the faith of the credulous.—Their abſurdity, however, was expoſed, after the dark and feudal ages, by the riſe and progreſs of ſcience. Through the ſame medium, have other errors alſo been exploded. The illuſtrious Franklin evinced the error of ſuppoſing, that ſulphurous, nitrous and other combuſtible ſubſtances, or vapor floating in long trains in the atmoſphere, took fire and produced all the appearances of lightning. He diſcovered the ſameneſs of electricity and lightning, and gave ſolutions to many other deſiderata.

Lightning is, at the preſent day, believed to operate in four different ways; in the firſt, by *indiſtinct* flaſhes, which ſeldom do injury; in the ſecond, by the *crooked crinkling*, or, (as called in treatiſes,) *the* "*zigzag*" flaſh; in the third, by paſſing from the earth into the air, which manner is called *the returning ſtroke*; and in the fourth, by *the ball*, which is the moſt fatal. The nature, or power of lightning is diſtinguiſhed by its color—that of the paleſt and lighteſt color is far more fatal than that of the red and dark.

The indiſtinct flaſhes are ſuppoſed to be governed by conducting ſubſtances in the air, which prevent their deſcent to the ground. *The zigzag* flaſh, we preſume, is produced by the following cauſe, viz. the clouds are compoſed of a number of layers, each of which contains a quantity of the electric fluid, which, once put in motion, paſs rapidly in the leaſt reſiſting courſe, till it neceſſarily enters another layer, from which it receives an additional quantity of the ſame fluid, paſſes on with greater rapidity to another layer and thus continues its motion from layer to layer, till it reaches an object, or place ſuited to receive *the accumulated* fluid. Here, we ſee the reaſon for *its peculiar* motion, and why it is ſo very dangerous.

We may add, that if any perſon turn his back to the flaſh and fix his eyes upon a book, the ſharp zigzag lightning will, *to his view*, form all the angles and turnings, which are real in the clouds.

Though the baneful effects of lightning are generally very circumſcribed, yet, when a great quantity of fluid is collected and is driven with great velocity by boiſterous winds, the evil effect is ſpread over acres, or to conſiderable extent.

The obſervation is common, that, when lightning ſtrikes creatures of a red and white, or black and white color, the white hair or ſubſtance is conſumed, but the other left unſinged. The reaſon of which is this; the white is *negatively* electrified, but the red, or black, *poſitively*. This truth is illuſtrated by the motion of the hands, rubbing the hair of certain black animals, by which motion in the night, ſparkles of the electric fluid are emitted. But this effect would not follow the ſame motion upon animals of white hair. Hence we ſay with juſtice, that white creatures are more obnoxious to lightning, than black or red. White men are often victims of this element, but black men ſeldom fall by it.

The next kind of lightning, called *the returning* ſtroke, equally pervades all parts of the earth—yet by fortuitous circumſtances, it is often collected into particular places. When collected to a large quantity, it will, if a cloud with a much greater proportion of vapor than electric fluid paſs over this ſpot, which is poſitively charged, it will iſſue forth and aſcend to the cloud. This kind, being influenced, like the zigzag, by conducting principles, is no leſs dangerous.

The laſt and moſt fatal kind of lightning, denominated *the ball*, is originated from *exceedingly great* quantities of the electric fluid, which, being collected into ſeparate maſſes, approach towards each other, till the repulſion in the atmoſphere becomes inſufficient to prevent the perfect coheſion of the different maſſes. When thus united by coheſion, the ball formed from the maſſes will deſcend to the ground, and though, generally by ſome conductor, yet upon the top of the ground it will run off from it to a conſiderable diſtance; becauſe the ground firſt reached cannot receive the whole ball. In its receſs from the conductor it will continually diminiſh and at length break into many pieces and enter the earth.

This kind of lightning poſſeſſes the following peculiarity; ſhould a number of perſons ſtand in a line, only each alternate perſon would be injured by it. For while approaching them, it would be divided into many parts; each of which would be charged the ſame way, or poſitively; therefore mutual repulſion of the parts would drive them to ſo great a diſtance, that a perſon might ſtand with ſafety between two, placed a number of feet apart, both of whom would be ſtricken. Such are the phenomena of lightning. How wonderful are the works of nature's God! Who has an arm like his?—Who can thunder with a voice like his? Or who can command *his* forked lightning?

DIEGO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

(*Continued from page 95.*)

Mr. ORLANDO,

THE remaining queſtions of Mr. Diſcos Tantalos (with the exception of the laſt, which does not very properly belong to the ſeries) I think may be reduced to theſe two, viz. 1ſt. Is a knowledge of elementary principles neceſſary to a knowledge of material and human nature? 2d. Is travelling a proper and an effectual method of acquiring a knowledge of mankind?

The ſagacious, obſerving, but unlettered ruſtic, knows not only that water unreſtrained will deſcend; but that its rapidity on an inclined plane is leſs than in a perpendicular downward direction. He knows that a body, deſcending by its own weight, without reſiſtance, will accelerate its motion; that a very light body will riſe in the air, and a moderately heavy one will not ſink in water; that two bodies of equal weight, and moving with unequal velocities, will require different degrees of reſiſtance to bring them to reſt, &c. Theſe are, perhaps, the moſt ſimple laws, or elementary principle to which his knowledge extends. To theſe principles, or laws, he refers, and by them ſolves and predicts many phenomena.—He knows no more of gravitation, or primary particles, than he underſtands and expreſſes by the terms, *weight*, *grains*, *cords*, &c. But (without an experiment for the very occaſion) he can judge the practicability of aſcending or deſcending a declivity; the future, from the preſent ſtate of the atmoſphere or weather; the adaptedneſs or unſuitability of certain ſeeds and manures to a particular ſoil; the manner in which you muſt ply your oars and furl your ſails in order to give your boat a particular direction, &c. and all this as well, or better than could Sir Iſaac himſelf. He may have the knowledge of more *facts*, than the philoſophical inquirer. The eſſential difference of their knowledge does not conſiſt in the extenſiveneſs, but in the particular kind and arrangement of it. The philoſopher underſtands general laws, which he reduces to great ſimplicity and exact definition. The ruſtic has a knowledge of facts, and likewiſe an idea of general laws, or elementary principles, but they are far from being correct, ſimple and well defined. For perhaps he has almoſt as many laws, as there are kinds of phenomena within the ſphere of his obſervation. He ſees a piece of wood, it is of a particular ſpecies, and is now decayed to a certain ſtate; he concludes that this wood will be luminous in a dark place. Now what are the laws on which he makes his calculation? They are theſe; the wood is of a certain kind; it has decayed in a certain manner, and is now in a certain ſtate; and his paſt obſervations aſſure him, that ſuch a ſubſtance will emit light in the dark. It never enters his mind to

refer the phenomena to the ſame cauſe which makes combuſtibles burn, and animal ſubſtances putrify. But the philoſopher refers this quality to be luminous to the laws of combuſtion and putrefaction. He, therefore, ſolves the appearance, by recognizing a more *elementary* and a more *general* law. The philoſopher ſees his companion fall from a building; he calculates a ſevere bruiſing, becauſe, 1ſt. His friend's body has a great number of gravitating particles; 2d. He will have accelerated and acquired a ſwift motion before he ſtrikes the ground; 3d. The baſe on which he will ſtrike is perfectly unelaſtic and impenetrable. The ruſtic, beholding the ſame ſcene, will expect the ſame conſequences from the following data, 1ſt. The man has a heavy carcaſe; 2d. He falls a great diſtance; 3d. He ſtrikes on a hard bottom. Here they both arrive at the ſame point, by preciſely the ſame rout. The only circumſtances, in which they differ, are theſe; the philoſopher has made a few more ſteps, and examined a little more carefully the ground on which he proceeded. He has examined a few higher links of that chain, from which both received their guidance and ſupport. Probably they were both alike unable to perceive the link that was uppermoſt in the chain; i. e. were both equally ignorant of *firſt* natural principles. The philoſopher has, evidently, conſiderable advantage over the ruſtic. The *gravitation* of the former is more definite, and accounts for more phenomena than the *weight* or *heavineſs* of the latter. Weight ſuggeſts to the ruſtic's mind the cauſe of a body's deſcending to the earth, but affords him no ſatisfying reaſon why its motion accelerates. Gravitation, as underſtood by the philoſopher, is a principle, the operation of which, not only brings bodies to the earth, but neceſſarily increaſes their velocity as they deſcend. The ruſtic cannot aſſign any good reaſon (that is, he can mention no law ſeparate from the fact itſelf) why a body ſhould accelerate in a downward motion. Here the philoſopher triumphs over him. But ſhall we now conclude that the latter has no knowledge of the phyſical world? What concluſion could be more untrue, or more unjuſt? We, therefore, prefer the aſſigning to each his own reſpective merits; and adjudging the philoſopher's knowledge to be ſuperior in the following reſpects; 1ſt. It embraces fewer, more general and elementary laws; 2d. Theſe laws furniſh him with ſolutions for many appearances, inexplicable to our ruſtic obſerver; 3d. He has a broader baſis on which to erect the ſuperſtructure of ſcience.—In relation to the philoſopher's, the ruſtic's knowledge may ſuſtain the following compariſons; 1ſt. It extends to an equal, and poſſibly to a greater number of facts; 2d. He can better judge the practicability or impracticability of many operations, in which the laws of gravitation, friction and reſiſtance are concerned. 3. He can conduct many performances which totally ſurpaſs the ability of the philoſopher. Queſtion—Would it not be as egregiouſly unjuſt, to pronounce an illiterate man totally ignorant of nature, becauſe he could not explicate the phenomena of a feather's riſing in the air, as it would be to call Newton an ignoramus becauſe he could not tell *why* heat expanded and cold condenſed material ſubſtances? The illiterate man could ſolve the fact by no other than this remark; a feather or any other body of equal ſpecific levity, *will* riſe in the air; Newton could only ſay, heat *will* expand, &c.

The penetrating metaphyſician, and the ſubtle courtier may hold a mutual relation, parallel to that ſuſtained by our philoſopher and the ruſtic ſwain. The one has inveſtigated and become maſter of the *ſubſtantial forms* of Plato; the phantacies and *fleeting images* of Ariſtotle; the *ideas* of Des Cortes and Locke; and the *perceptions* of the Scotiſh School-men. Yea, with Berkley and Hume, he may fully underſtand that philoſophy, which baniſhes both the material and mental world; and in addition to all, have a completely digeſted ſyſtem of his own fabrication. The other never made a treatiſe, or attended a lecture, the ſubject of which was metaphyſical ſcience. He can, however, enter into the feelings and probable views of every perſon whoſe ſituation he knows; can penetrate the avenues of each individual heart. He can inſpire and baniſh whatever paſſion; create and divert whatever volition he pleaſes. Like Richard III. he can meet a daughter, following the bier of a parent, of whom his own ſelf is the murderer, and by his arch dexterity in addreſs and inſinuation, diſpel her ſorrow, diſarm her of reſentment, and obliterate her hatred. Purſuing his career of impoſture, he excites, and becomes himſelf the object of more gentle and complacent feelings, and lights up in her boſom the ſoft burnings of tenderneſs, forgiveneſs and love. He knows all the means by which the wiſe and the fooliſh, the wicked and the virtuous, may be pleaſed or diſguſted, perſuaded or prejudiced, deluded or enlightened. He can inflame and pacify the vulgar rabble; alarm and compoſe the more enlightened part of community; and ſway both the legiſlating aſſembly and the executive cabinet. He can realiſe the peculiar ſentiments of thoſe in the different *ranks* of life, and anticipate their pleaſures and their pains, their wiſhes and their fears. Such may be the different talents and acquirements of thoſe two very extraordinary characters. The courtier knows nothing of aſſociation, abſtraction, volition, &c. as being the operations of diſtinct faculties of the mind; he cannot analyze the mind into its original component principles; but muſt we conclude him to be ignorant of human nature? No one can heſitate in his deciſion. Queſtion—Is not the *cauſe why* one man has a propenſity to avarice, and another to anger, as irrelavent and uneſſential to a knowledge of human nature, as the knowing of the *reaſon why* Jupiter is larger than our earth, and why Mercury was placed nearer the ſun than Saturn, is unneceſſary to the ſcience of aſtronomical philoſophy?

Is travelling a fit method to acquire an acquaintance with human nature? That this queſtion may be rendered a little more pertinent to the ſubject we are diſcuſſing, and more unequivocal, I will ſtate it thus: Can an extenſiveneſs and variety of company be a direct means, by which to gain a knowledge of the human mind? The end of travelling, ſo far as manners and men are the object, is to gain acceſs to the ſociety, and to learn thoſe things of numerous and different characters, which cannot eaſily, if poſſibly, be known in any other way. If then, the being converſant with perſons of diſſimilar characters, of different diſpoſition and habits, in various ſituations of life, and affected by the incidental circumſtances of fortune, be conducive to the obtaining of a knowledge of mankind; then is travelling conducive to that end.—But to obtain this end, not every mode of travelling, (nor perhaps every traveller) is adapted. If ſtops, viſits or reſidences be ſhort, and only a ſlight acquaintance with perſons be gained; a knowledge of mankind will be but little extended. It is a thorough knowledge of particular and various characters; accurate obſervations on the conduct of thoſe in peculiar ſituations; and a perſonal experience of the viciſſitudes and different conditions of life, that conduct to a ſubſtantial and uſeful knowledge of humanity.—Two ſtudents of Dartmouth wiſh to gain a knowledge of the world, and project a tour for that purpoſe. They commence their journey; they ſurmount the Green Mountain; paſs thro' Vermont; penetrate New-York; purſue the Hudſon to its mouth; they then make a wheel to the left, and meaſure Connecticut from the weſtern to the eaſtern extremities; explore R. Iſland; travel the breadth of Maſſachuſetts, and arrive again at the plain of Hanover. All this is done in ſix weeks time. Believe me, in ſo rapid, though circuitous and long journey, they may learn ſomething of the roads, the houſes, and the land; but only a very little of ſociety or of man. S.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

SKETCH OF VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE is a little above the ordinary height. He is meagre and of a dry temperament, and has burning paſſions; his eyes are brilliant, indicating all the fire, which you find in his works. In geſture he is quick, even to a fault, and has an ardor, which, though unequal, ſparkles, and dazzles you. A man ſo conſtituted cannot fail to be infirm; he is worn out by perplexities, that originated in himſelf. Voltaire is pleaſant by nature, and grave by regimen; open without freedom; politic without fineſſe; ſociable without friends. He knows the world, and he forgets it; in the morning, an Ariſtippus, and at night, a Diogenes. He loves grandeur, and hates the great; he is eaſy with them, but embarraſſed with his equals; in his intercourſe he begins with politeneſs, continues with indifference, and terminates with diſguſt. Poſſeſſed of ſenſibility without attachment, and voluptuouſneſs without paſſion, he adheres to nothing from principle, and holds every thing by inconſtancy. Rational without honeſty, his reaſon is as unſtable, as the folly of others; his wit ſkilful, his heart unjuſt. He thinks of all, and ridicules all; immoderately licentious, he knows how to moralize, without having mor-

als of his own; vain to excefs, but yet more felfifh, he labors lefs for reputation, than for gain, and though he is made to enjoy he wifhes only to hoard riches.

There is the man—here is the author—Born a poet, his verfes coft him little. That facility injures him; he abufes it, and makes fcarcely any thing perfect. He writes with eafe, ingenuity, and elegance, and after poetry, hiftory is his fphere. He reafons little, and feldom enters upon abftruce fpeculation. Voltaire, in his laft work, wifhed to imitate the manner of Boyle; even in cenfuring him, he labors to copy him. Some one has faid, that to make a writer without reafon and without prepoffeffion, he muft have no country and no religion. On this ground Voltaire has marched at a great rate towards perfection, for he cannot be accufed of being a partizan of his nation; but is found on the contrary a fingular being, fomething like thofe whimfical old men, thofe good people, who always applaud the paft, and are difcontented with the prefent.—Voltaire is always diffatisfied with his own country, and praifes with incenfe that, which is a thoufand leagues off. As to religion, it may be feen indeed, that he is undecided in his views; doubtlefs he would wifh to pafs for that impartial man, which he affects to be; but there is a little leaven of jefuitifm in his works. Voltaire has much foreign as well, as French literature; and that mixed erudition, fo extremely faffionable at this day; he is a politician, a natural philofopher, a geometrician. He is every thing, that he wifhes to be; but always fuperficial, and incapable of deep refearch; his genius however is always ready to touch upon fubjects agreeable to himfelf. He has a very delicate and correct tafte. Satirical, ingenious, but critical, he loves the abftract fciences, and no fcience difcourages him; he chooles to pafs for fomething more elevated, than a fimple poet. He has been reproached with never being in a reafonable medium; fometimes he is a mifanthrope, and fometimes a fatirift; in a word, Voltaire wifhes to be an extraordinary man, and his wifh is gratified."

POLITICAL ASTRONOMY of ENGLAND.

[FROM A FRENCH PAPER.]

England is a place, as we all know, wholly feparated from the Earth.—*Toto divifos orbe Britannos.*—She is, however, not lefs anxious to exert her influence on that point. This planet feems to contain in its centre of gravitation fatellites of the following defcription:

Canning.—He defcribes a diurnal revolution round himfelf, and an annual revolution round Mr. Pitt. He is the fmalleft of all the Engliih ftars. It requires an excellent telefcope to difcover him. He is continually loft in the rays of Lord Grenville, or of Mr. Pitt.

Dundas.—He defcribes his diurnal revolution round France, and his annual round the world. It is in Scotland and in India that you may take the beft obfervation of him. He has labored under a momentary eclipfe; but it is ftill expected that he will re-appear.

Hawkefbury.—A ftar of much brilliancy, but which fhines only with a borrowed light. Aftronomers have hitherto been puzzled to defcribe its courfe; it feems to be liable to continual aberrations.

Windham.—He belonged to the *Burkean* conftellation, which has difappeared. This is a moft eccentric meteor, and partakes of the nature of the comet. Aftronomers are ftrongly of opinion, that, if he be not clofely confined to his orbit, he muft end in the deftruction of the world.

Pitt.—A ftar of the firft magnitude. He turns continually round George III. from which he is repelled by a centrifugal motion. It is principally at the Stock Exchange, or St. Stephen's Chapel, that a due obfervation may be taken of him.

Fox.—He is the Polar ftar of England. In every ftorm and tempeft, feamen turn intuitively towards him to inquire into their latitude.

Addington.—He is turning continually round every other ftar. Let him but approach in the leaft towards Canning, Fox, or even the fmalleft planet, he is carried away by their motion. Pitt exerts over him the influence of the moon, which poffeffes the power of raifing or lowering the tides. This ftar is rapidly approaching to an eclipfe.

FARRAGO.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

LACONICUS' letters came by the laft mail, and we have not yet found time to examine them.

Y.'s communications, whether original or felected, will always be received with gratitude. We rejoice that this correfpondent, tho' feveral hundred miles diftant, ftill continues to forward us many valuable literary favors.

EUGENIO is welcome to a place in the Tablet. The fimplicity and fmoothnefs of his numbers induce us to think, that his bardfhip is not fo 'juvenal' as he would have us believe.

A. H. for our time fpent in *toiling* through his long, fenfelefs *fomething*, is charged *feventy five cents*.

The poetry contained in the prefent Tablet we imagine the reader will not perufe with 'cold indifference.' Thefe writers, by feveral fpecimens, have evinced that dame nature, in dealing out their portions of poetic genius, was not parfimonious.

We notice, with regret, that feveral improprieties have crept into the Table of Contents, which accompanies this number. A multiplicity of bufinefs prevented our giving fufficient attention to the arrangement, and to the proof-fheet.

The fecond volume of the Tablet will be for fale at this Office in a few days, bound in boards.

ERRATUM.—In page 104, 3d col. 6th line from the top, for *airy* read *ev'ry*.

ORDAINED,

In Glouceffer, the Rev. Perez Lincoln, to the Paftoral Charge of the Firft Parifh in that town.

TO OUR PATRONS.

To conclude this volume of the Literary Tablet, without mentioning the obligation we are under to thofe, who have generoufly afforded us their affiftance in fupporting this infant work, would fhow unpardonable ingratitude. All who have encouraged us, either by fubfcription or 'quill-driving,' are entitled to our moft cordial acknowledgments. We are peculiarly indebted to thofe gentlemen, who, fpurning the Siren charms of indolence, have employed their intervals of profeffional and claffical bufinefs in preparing intereffing eflays for this publication. Were we allowed the liberty, we might notice the names of many, at a diftance and in this vicinity, who have given us the ftrongeft teftimonials of their friendfhip and aid.

In acknowledging our obligation to patrons in general, we muft not forget the kindneffes we have received from feveral members of this univerfity. Some of them have written for the Tablet; and from this fource we have obtained a *few* productions, both in poetry and profe, which would not difhonor the long-experienced, eflayift or the hoary-headed bard. Others, by recommending this Paper to their connections, in different parts of the country, have confiderably enlarged the fphere of its circulation.

Whether the Tablet has anfwered the expectation of its readers; whether it has communicated to them any inftruction, or amufement is, to us, an enquiry of difficult folution. We are, however, from feveral circumftances led to hope, that it has not been wholly unacceptable to the public. Its fubfcribers have more than doubled in number, within the prefent year, and among thefe, we are happy to find many of the moft diftinguifhed characters in New-England; characters, whofe approbation and patronage we are forry not to have better merited.

On account of the expence attending the management of the Tablet, and the fmall encouragement it receives, we expected to end its publication with this number; but our profpects have brightened a little of late, and fhould we conclude to publifh the *third volume*, the future aflifance of all the prefent promoters of the work is earneftly folicited. We have aflurance of a more extenfive correfpondence, and of procuring fome foreign periodical Papers, from which we may feleft fomething for the entertainment of our readers.

The Tablet, if continued, will be enlarged and printed on fine woven paper, in a form fuitable for binding. The firft number will be iffued on the third Wednefday in September. Thofe who wifh to become fubfcribers are requefted to inform the Printer previous to that time.

DIED,

In England, the Rev. John Darwin, M. A. brother to the celebrated author of 'The Loves of the Plants,' 'Zoonomia,' &c.

In Salem, Ms. Mifs Hannah Twift, a maiden lady, aged 90, for 70 years a fchool-miftrefs, in which character fhe was eminently ufeful.

In Windfor, (Vt.) Widow A. Dean, aged 78.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ON SCIENCE.

(Concluded from page 100.)

WHERE does the monster despotism reign?
Where "pines the slave recumbent on his chain?"
Where does the dastard, at a tyrant's nod,
Fall down and kiss oppression's iron rod?
Among those nations (O how wrong'd! abus'd)
Where Science is not generally diffus'd;
Where 'tis unknown; or where the few who know,
The many keep in ignorance and woe.
Sad truth to tell! yet thus involv'd we find
A "vast majority" of human kind.
Free-born Americans, for such you feel;
Who can forbear whose bosoms are not steel?
Who can the story of their sufferings hear,
Nor will relief, nor drop one pitying tear?
Their injur'd cause defend; be this your aim;
Philanthropy ne'er breath'd a softer flame.

What since no nation ever has been found,
For virtue, for religion so renown'd,
As long to keep its freedom, and withstand
The innovations of a factious band;
What means my countrymen, will you employ,
To keep those dear-bought blessings you enjoy?
What to transmit unstain'd to your descendants,
The Chart of liberty and independence?
Although the Constitution which you claim,
Be the most perfect human art could frame.
Tho' your mild laws breathe peace and wisely send
True happiness and freedom to extend;
Yet these will not prosperity ensure;
These from ambition's grasps, will not secure.

Pure Science is a base the firmest, best,
On which the pillars of Republics rest;
A rock unshaken as the solid main,
'Gainst which the waves of ocean dash in vain.

O then pursue with undiminish'd zeal,
A cause so noble as the public weal!
On this let your exertions ultimate;
The issue will be happy, glorious, great.

In paths of virtue, innocence and truth,
In solid Science train the rising youth;
Teach them contracted, sordid deeds to hate,
And practise only what is truly great;
To give superiors merited applause,
To love their country and obey its laws.
Whatever tends to nourish human woes,
To sunder virtue's ties, with warmth oppose.
Combat the Heaven-blaspheming infidel;
With truth's broad shield his poison'd darts repel;
Nor let him with impunity asperse
Th' Almighty Father of the universe.

With ardor in bright Science cause progress;
It leads to truth; truth leads to happiness.
How sweet to tread that path the wise have trod!
The cause they advocate 's the cause of GOD.

These things perform, and under smiling heav'n,
Be blest according to your blessings giv'n.
Though floods may threaten, and your fears renew,
The top of Ararat will keep in view.
These things perform, then shall Columbia's name
Adorn the archives of immortal fame;
Along descending time, admiring man
Her bright achievements shall in songs pæan,
Till all terrestial things shall be on fire,
And human grandeur in the flames expire.

HIERO.*

* The signature A. B. at the request of the writer, is changed to HIERO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE ABANDON'D.

OE'R the wide-spreading heath when the day had departed,
And night's sable curtain just darken'd the sky;
A youth long abandon'd, forlorn, broken hearted,
In solitude rov'd with a deep-rending sigh.

"Ah! my country," he cried, "must I ne'er again visit!
Compell'd by a female in anguish to roam—
No longer the aid of a mother solicit,
Nor enjoy the delights of my dear native home.

No more on the green, where long shaded the willow,
Incautiously wander where fair Delia smil'd;
But the turf choose, a bed, and the cold stone, a pillow,
A being deceiv'd, forlorn and beguil'd."

He said—when a spectre in full view appearing,
Approach'd the sad youth and forbade him to weep—
To the phantom he sprang, undismay'd and naught fearing,
And following plung'd in the wide-swelling deep.

A. G. L.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

AN ODE.

BESET with ills, expos'd to many a snare
Poor child of woe, sad victim of despair,
Thro' life's bewild'ring maze,
Man plods his way, unconscious of his fate,
Shuns retrospection, and with joy elate,
Still hopes for better days.

Vain Hope! thy smiles are form'd but to deceive,
And man, thy vot'ry, always to believe,
Till sad experience shows,
By proofs too strong for reason to deny,
Our joys ephemeral, how soon they die,
How durable our woes.

Is virtue proof against the sland'rer's tongue?
Died not the lion, which the viper stung?
Amelia! where is she?
Alas! yon tomb-stone tells the passer-by
Where the fair relics of seduction lie,
From all her troubles free.

Why pines that youth, dejected and alone,
Who once so happy, never made a moan
Till slander foil'd his name?
Just Heaven! thy ways—but let my tongue decline
The censor's task, and halt in airy line,
Nor charge my God with blame.

No more I'll court the world's ignoble praise,
Far from its malice will I spend my days
To some wild desert roam;
To some dark cave where wolves in concert yell,
Or beasts, than man by far less savage, dwell,
I'll hie, and make my home.

A. Z.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE WINTER's WALK.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Nor only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter, is thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening Hope and fond Desire
Resign the heart to Spleen and Care:
Scarce frighted Love maintains his fire,
And Rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife;
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

ANECDOTE.

SOME ladies of prime quality at Rome, finely dressed, glittering with jewels, and valuing themselves not a little on these ornaments, paid a visit to another lady of the first rank. After having, with the satisfaction natural to weak minds, displayed their own finery, they earnestly pressed this lady to give them a sight of her jewels. She waved a compliance with their request for some time, till *her sons*, who were some of the most accomplished youths in Rome, and in forming whose minds she had a large share, were returned from their exercises; then, calling them in, and pointing to them, she said, *Ladies, these are my jewels, the ornaments on which I most value myself, and which really do me the greatest honor.*

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